INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 17, 1896-TWENTY PAGES.

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MEXICAN MOUNTAINS

THEIR ASCENT AFFORDS A VARIETY OF NOVEL ADVENTURES.

Experience of an Indiana Climber Whose Energy Overcame the In-

ertin of the Entive Guides.

"Although Popocatagetl and Orizaba ar higher than Mount Blanc, the Cordilleras of turesque as the Alps. The mountains are not so steep. They rise with more regularity. A great elevation is attained only by a few isolated peaks. The ranges are not more than ten or twelve thousand feet high. In this tropical climate there is little snow There are practically no glaciers. Ixtacci huatl and Popocatapetl do not look higher than the Weisshorn or the Jungfrau, because the starting point, the plateau from which they rise, is itself eight thousand feet above the sea. Even Orizaba, which, on its eastern slope, descends to the Tierra Caliente is by no means so impressive as many of the Alps, for the rise is so gradual, the summit is so distant from the lowland, and the cap of snow at the top is so small that its

The climb up the cone of a volcano is by the tumoled masses of the Alps. The rope and ladder are unnecessary. There are no crevasses. Gorges and precipices are rare, and it is seldom that even an ice ax is required. On the other hand, there is need for much endurance. Good lungs and sound heart are necessary, for it is not an easy thing to toil up a steep incline of lava dust at an elevation of more than fifteen thousand feet. The "mountain sickness," with its nausea, headache, dizzlness and lethargy, is very common. One of my companions instantly dropped asleep when he reached the ridge of the crater of Popocat-

practice among the lesser peaks and Ajusco, the highest of the summits in the great Mexico, was selected for the first attempt. way is by rail up to the station of Ajusco. thence on horseback to a point perhaps two to the top. The superintendent of the Cuerfor our expedition. We left Mexico early in about 10 o'clock. There was no train back in the afternoon, but a "push car" was prohad made the ascent. There was no lodging place at Ajusco, but a box car had been to show us the way up.

THE ASCENT OF AJUSCO. Fried eggs and beef, and black beans and coffee were served in the agent's tent before our start. The "mozo" bought sardines and bread for the journey at an Indian village four hours' climb, first up a gentle slope for steep zig-zags through the forest. It is about 12:30 when the boy tells us, just at the edge the horses can go," and, indeed, you think it is quite as far as they ought to go, of food and crockery and hay, all scattered but, he adds, very unexpectedly, that will stay with the animals

them he points out to you the direction to hours away and which is wholly invisible. We suggest that he go with us, but he answers, "Somebody may come and take the horses." He is immovable, so we set out alone. There is no path. At first the way is very steep, over volcanic rocks, partly bare and partly patched with grass, good foothold everywhere. We reach the another, from which we can see the cairn and the cross that mark the summit. The weather is warm, so there is no snow, clad in white half way down. It does not take us an hour to reach the top from the place where the dimb begins. The view from the summit is very fine. On one side is the valley of Mexico, with its two great volcanoes, Popocatapetl and Ixtaccihautl, standing like two huge sentinels at the entrance of the valley, clad in their white mantles of snow. On the other side many mountain ranges rise, one behind the other, toward the Pacific. There is much more verdure on the western side and the air is clearer, for over the great plateau there is a light brown mist, which comes, they say, from the dust of the valley, and rises so high that the great snow peaks only lift their heads above it. At several places there were slender, cloudy pillars of dust, raised by little whirlwinds and moving slowly across the plain. Some of these were two or three thousand feet high. These cyclones are not dangerous, but it is them. Elsewhere the dust cloud was thin enough and we could see long distances. At various points below us rose little ant nills (for so they seemed), small volcanoes lively enough, no doubt, in times gone by. We stayed perhaps half an hour at the summit of Ajusco. The wind was cold, but

we had little difficulty in breathing. We descended rapidly and reached the station at 5:30, in time to take the "push car." This was hauled upon the track, we took our places upon a comfortable spring seat in front and started down hill. The grade was two and a half to the hundred, the track were going like the wind, skirting the western wall of the great plain of Mexico, with the big snow volcanoes, the lakes, the the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, around curves and down long inclines, and at 7 o'clock our guide, the roadmaster, de-

the City of Mexico. A TOUR OF DISCOVERY. high and surely it must be somewhere near American consul-general. He had never train for Toluca. When we arrived there we given by hotel keepers, cab drivers and othsaid it would take two days, others said three, some said you could go on horse-

men could spend their lives in the presence

is hard to understand. ing and called upon us at our hotel. We had gone to bed, but asked him in and had a lively talk in the dark. He had been up the mountain several times. You could go to the crater on horseback. After that it was a scramble to the summit. The first thing was to ride about fourteen miles across the valley to the village of Calimaya, at the foot of the mountain. So, next day, we secured a vehicle with three mules and a was a good one. The chickens had been horse, with an Indian boy to drive and another to go along and help yell and to jump down every little while and lash the leaders into a fine gallop. The vehicle was a cross between a barouche and a buckboard, ac- the coffee was strong, though cold. There commodating itself to the double require- was another larger lake within the crater, ments of great splendor and rough Mexican roads. We had been recommended by Mr. Powell to provide ourselves with plenty of arms and ammunition. So we bought another revolver, he loaned us his carbine and we great amphitheater of crags. They were both felt like a traveling arsenal. There had been rain the night before, with much snow on | slowly to the summit of the peak, which the volcano, and the clouds hung far down | the guides said was the highest one, and its sides. The air was cool and fresh and the await their coming later in the afternoon. drive was exhilarating up the valley of To- One of the guides went with me, and two great height cannot be appreciated from any luca, with great ranges of mountains on each hand, and the huge volcano slowly unwinding itself from its cloudy garments till no means so difficult as the scramble among it stood out white and clear before us. The boys in front kept up a continuous shout-"Mulas! Caramba! Hi, hi!" and besides that is untranslatable. We reached Calimaya just as twilight fell. It was a low-roofed village built along a straight climbing street. with a big church and high-walled convent yard, and just opposite to these the "Palacio Municipal." The boys drove to a large stable. where they unhitched the mules and then conducted us to a little fonda, or restauproprietor was very drunk and talked Spanwent out with us to hunt up Pablo Mendoza. it seemed wise to have a little preliminary who was to be our guide. Pablo was doubtful. The snow had been heavy. We could never gain the summit. Perhaps we could to help and six mules for the party. We told It is nearly fourteen thousand feet high. The him to go ahead. Our intoxicated host was to provide chickens, sausages, bread and hard boiled eggs. After supper, in the dingy | the highest of all. His only answer was: thousand feet below the summit, then on foot | little fonds, we sought our night quarters. A room had been provided for us at the navaca railroad kindly made arrangements | doctor's, opposite a room filled with surgical beds were introduced, one was made up on the floor, for the other there was an iron bedstead. We retired early. A little after 10 a voice was heard at a small aperture in would take us down to the valley after we | the shutters near my bed. It was the voice of Pablo Mendoza-"Pepe, Pepe, tell the Senores I shall not wake them at 8:30 in the morning, as I promised. It is useless. The knew nothing of it. On the way up the snow is too deep. The mountain cannot be peak I saw a stone which seemed to me to Pablo through the small hole in the shutter. | an Indian warrior. The feathers were quite cent, as well as a "mozo," or Indian boy, He refused to try it. There was nothing to do but acquiesce, so we turned back to our our disappointment, we slept the sleep of the just till broad daylight streamed in, when the more that we could not climb it. But on Tuesday, said Pablo Mendoza, the snow would surely be melted. We would try again | the charge for the principal guide, 371/2 next Tuesday. So we rattled back to Toluca, the two boys yelling and the men, and with their picturesque costumes and burdens

afternoon we returned to Mexico. SLOW TELEGRAPHY. Mexicans have strange ways of doing busion Tuesday, before starting from the City of beings who had really intended to rise at day was suitable for the climb. If so, we would leave on the 2 o'clock train. I sent the message at 8 o'clock in the morning, as waited six hours for an answer, but none came. Finally, we started on the afternoon train from Mexico, taking our chances upon the town, with the boy who drove the being able to make the ascent. A four-horse drove us to Calimaya by moonlight. We reached the village about 8 o'clock. We hunted up Pablo Mendoza and learned from him that he had received the telegram at telling us not to come for three days yet. since the snow was still deep upon the Mexico at 5 p. m. Such is the telegraphic service conducted by the Mexican federal government. But now that we were at Callmaya, we refused to "walt another day." as Pablo suggested, or to return, so he finally said, "Vamos a ver"-we would of us. Mr. Turner, an Oxford student, had joined us in Mexico. Three horses, three mozos and six mules were secured, and half past 3. We slept in two comfortable little rooms behind the "Tienda," the principal village store at Calimaya. At a quarter past 4 Mr. Turner awakened us. We called up the boy at the "Tienda," who let village. We asked the boy to conduct us to Pablo Mendoza's house so that we might awaken our guide. He refused. If he left that besprinkle the valley, extinct now, but the Tlenda there would be no one to shut "Fonda," or restaurant, where they had promised to have our chocolate and eggs ready, as well as a basket of provisions for the journey. All was silent, We thumped and yelled loud enough to awaken the dead. Finally a young man who slept in again. We entered and they made ready ducted to the home of Pablo Mendoza, the us? "He was too little," said his mother. Then there was a girl, a few years older. go, "No, he was asleep." Perhaps the good woman herself would go with us. "No. she must prepare the breakfast." So we startstreets, "Pablo Mendoza! Pablo Mendoza!" followed him. He got away from us. Then

couldn't punish me again." AN IDEAL INN. others. Would they show us? if we gave them a peseta. Very well, we would give it. "But around the corner they brought us to Pablo. the first installment of our convoy. We started for the village at 6 o'clock, just two hours late, two precious hours, when the climb fills the whole day. We expostulated course and merely said that we had started

Our way wound, at first, up through fields of maguey and corn, past the small hamlet

It. And there was that great white beauty | with openings and fine views of the broad at their very doors tempting them to come | valley and distant mountains behind us, and and stand upon its summit and see spread | before us the white-capped volcano. We before them all the glories of the earth. How stopped at the hut of a "vaqueria," or cow pasture, for fresh milk. Soon the snow beof such a mountain and not try to climb it | gan, far down in the forest, but it was not deep, nor did it become so till we emerged Mr. Powell returned to Toluca in the even- | into the open land above. Then there were patches where horses and mules floundered and we had to dismount and walk. Once a mule loaded with blankets, provisions and "traps," fell, rolled over half a dozen times, then rose and walked on as if nothing had happened. Thus we climbed the ridge that surrounds the crater and then, descending, we halted and took our lunch in the snow. by the side of a small lake within. The meal brought in alive to the fonda, for our approval, the evening before. The sausage had plenty of garlic in it, but was not unpalatable to a properly disciplined stomach, and said to be nearly two miles in circumference. It was a little higher up and my two companions started out to visit it and to climb a hill which rose in the midst of this faster walkers than I and I decided to climb others accompanied them. I crossed stretch of snow and then mounted one the horses and was carried up steep slopes of lava dust and ashes till the poor animal gave out. Then another pull on foot over a snow slope, and, finally, a slow, careful climb over a ridge of rocks to the summit. It was a warm pull up the slope, but a cold wind met us at the top of the ridge and an overcost and a stiff pull at the bottle of taquila (the strongest Mexican fire water) were both necessary to restore a proper

> amount of calorie. A FINE VIEW.

The view from the summit was fine, but from the high peaks of the Alps. The ridges | the guides to fetch us three pairs. The two great volcanoes, Popocatapetl and | er and some leather thongs. Out of this and it is said that on a very clear day you as they wore themselves. We were to wrap can see the two oceans from this place. our feet up in cloths and fasten on this rounded the crater, I saw two which seemed to me to be a few hundred feet higher than "Well, perhaps, they may be." Such is the apparatus and medical library, but now two | but the thin air of this great altitude had wearled them and they were resting near

There are many curious things about this crater, Mr. Powell, the missionary at Toluca. with painted hieroglyphics. I asked the guides to show it to me but they low. This might, of course, be a mere natural freak, but it looked to me like a rather fine piece of sculpture, broken only at one had to leave it.

We rode rapidly down to Calimaya, and when we reached it, at 5 in the afternoon. tain in the clearest of skies, and regret all our wagon was in readiness to take us to seemed marvelously low. Two dollars was cents for each of the others and 50 cents for each horse or mule, all in Mexican women, and donkeys that thronged the road | money, worth just half our own. We could not refrain from adding a liberal "tip" to each of the men, for, in spite of the slow to right and left as they heard us. In the start and unreliable information, we liked Pablo Mendoza and his associates. He was a fine-looking Mexican and he wanted to make it pleasant for us. He probably could not conceive that there were any human

> A ride of an hour and a half brought us back to the city of Toluca. Then followed a long wrangle about the price of our team. The owner charged twice what he had agreed, and followed us everywhere through mules, clamoring for more pay, till we were glad to split the difference and get away

mountain and see the view.

By some strange oversight I had neglected to procure smoked glasses for the snow climb. The glare was dazzling and nearly all night long I lay awake, with a sharp pain in the eyes. At one time it was almost impossible to open or close my eyelids, but daylight the inflammation ceased. In addition to this eve trouble the climber of Toluca is sure to get plenty that bright, shiny red, peculiar to the mountaineer, which renders shaving a most painful operation, and causes those who meet you to stare at you as if you were candidate for Keeley treatment. Ever since coming to Mexico I had worn one of the national straw hats, weighing about two pounds, with high sugar-loaf crown and a orim nearly a yard wide. It had great advantages over any other kind of hat for mountain climbing, if there was no wind One of my companions, who were a narrow brimmed felt hat, lost much of his outer cuticle upon Toluca.

The conductor on the local train from Toluca to Mexico was one Pugh, from Alabama. He wanted to make things pleasant for us; offered us cigars and St. Louis papers, and talked politics and advocated the spoils system. He had just recovered from an illness. What was it? He had been shot by the agent at one of the stations a Mexican, who had called him a vile name which he resented by knocking the fellow down. Had the man been punished for shooting him? Well, no; he died. How did he die? "From the hit I gave him when ! knocked him down." "Well, didn't they do anything to you for killing him?" they couldn't." "Why not?" "Well, they fined me \$5 for hitting him, and then when he died I had been punished once, and they

Before coming to Mexico we were told that would be a hard thing to find a good hotel outside of the capital. On the contrary, we a good room in the City of Mexico than at many other places. I went to Ameca-Meca, preparatory to climbing Popocatapeti. I supposed that at this small town I should oceanic Railroad Company, in the City of Mexico, before the train left. "What have you?" I asked. "Nothing," was the swer. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon and an egg and a glass of milk." "Hay nada"and a glass of pulque at the stations on the way. But when I reached Ameca-Meca. I lent, served by Conchita, an Indian maiden of twelve years, with a soft voice, who did proprietor was a Spaniard, a Gallego. His deboard was rich, deccrated with fine

china and the best glass, and his cellar was stocked with all that epicure could crave. There was a huge bath room, with big carved oak and velvet arm chairs, a spiral staircase winding up from the big front hall, where hams hung suspended by long poles from the ceiling, led to a clean bedroom in a big dormer on the roof, in which I slept between the whitest of sheets, with a tall canopy over me, a picture of the Redeemer just above my head and a "Virgin of Guadalupe" on the opposite wall, who turned her soft eyes upon me as I woke in the morning. It was an ideal inn for a small country town. I made arrangements for three horses, three guides, a mule for the luggage, an arriero, or mule driver, and a mozo to help generally. My two companions were to join me the following morning, when we would start together for the "rancho" of General Ochioa, the owner of Popocatapetl, from whom we had obtained the necessary permission, while in Mexico City. Then in company with two Mexican boys, who had never left my sight for an instant since they took my satchels from the train, I climbed the Sacremente, a high hill back of the village, from the summit of which is to be seen a giorious panorama of the two great volcanoes of the Mexican plateaus-Popocatapetl, the mountain that pours forth fire, and Ixtacelhuatl. the white woman. The sky was cloudless. The evening lights were magnificent and it was like gazing on the Mount Blanc range from the Flegere. The lines were softer, however, and, although the two great peaks were really higher than the Alps, yet they had no companions, there were no great glaciers surrounding them and the elevation of the valley, some eight thousand feet, reduced the comparative height of the mountains. On the following morning, just before our start for Popocatapetl, the guides inspected our outfit, our overcoats, blankets, sombre-

ros, leggings, gloves, goggles, ice ax, etc., and declared all complete except our hobnailed shoes. These they said would never do. The snow was too hard. We must buy some sort of foot gear with an unheard of brought back a huge place of flexible leath they would make the sort of sandals such we rebelled. Our hob nails were good enough for the snows and ice of Switzerland. Why not for those of Mexico? Was it a different kind of snow? We would wear no such bandages as they brought us Those would do better for the gout than for Popocatapetl. The guides said "doubttake the risk." So we took the risk.

We started from Ameca-Meca about half

past 11. It was a ride of six hours to the

rancho of General Ochioa, where we were to

pass the night. Our path lay at first across

the valley, fertile and very green for the

tableland of Mexico, where the prevailing

color is a dusty gray. There was dust enough on our road, however, thrown up ascended." I arose and had a colloquy with have upon it a bas relief of the plumage of of donkeys and mules which we met coming down the mountains with loads of wood on their backs, such broad loads that it was often hard to go far enough to right or left to keep out of their way. Soon the bridle path began to climb the foothills, corner. It was too heavy to carry, and I and then it wound up the higher ridge which separates the two great volcanoes. This ridge must be twelve thousand feet high, I should think, at least four thousand feet above the plain of Ameca on one side and that of Puebla and Cholula on the other. Here, however, was the great high road to Mexico in Montezuma's time, over which the army of Cortes passed, with much difthe capital. Near the top of the ridge we found the Indian woodcutters who had supplied the donkeys with their loads. These men had erected for themselves little thatched cabins of long grass, just large enough to crawl into for shelter from the frosty air of the night. A eastern side, was the "rancho." It was a half past 3 in the morning just to climb a rude shed with a few stones in the middle roof to let the smoke out. Planks were laid upon an incline a foot or two above the these hay was scattered in rather scanty quantities. This was the common bed of guides and travelers. Another shed, still more primitive, gave shelter to our horses. A third was used in the preparation of sulphur, which is found in the crater of the and it is extracted with immense labor. There was, however, no one now at the ranvery few fine views on the way up, but near the top of the ridge the immense volcano the afternoon lifted about sunset, and the full moon, which rose when daylight vanished, lit it with pale and ghastly light, till it seemed like a huge, but beautiful specter. The guides brought in branches of trees

and kindled a fire in the hut, by the light

of which we consumed a part of the very

liberal basketfuls provided for us by the

landlady of the inn at Ameca-Meca.

THEY AROSE EARLY. We had heard the most contradictory ac counts of the time necessary to climb the seven hours: the man from whom we hired the horses and guides said four hours; the guides themselves thought about six hours. We determined to be on the safe side and told them to call us at 2 o'clock for the start. The walk over the crisp snow in the morning would be much easier, we thought, than after it had began to melt. The moonlight would guide us sufficiently and we had to make the descent and then return to Ameca before dark. It was best to start early. But the guides said no. Half past was no use in rising before that. At last they assented, but one of us heard them say among themselves that they did not proever, was easy. There was no sleeping or that wretched hay, especially after the fire had gone out, and the cold wind began to chill our legs and feet in spite of our blankets. If the guides would not waken us we would waken them. Indeed, we had very little confidence in being wakened at all. Ac never wakens anybody. When 2 o'clock came we were glad enough to tumble out of the hay, light a fagot, start the fire and raise a commotion generally among the guides. The sleepy fellows would have snored through it, but I offered to each of them a their eyes opened at once. We warmed a bottle of coffee, ate some eggs, and dissected two chickens in the good old aboriginal fashion. Before 3 o'clock the borses were saddled horse transportation. The moonlight made the path almost as plain as day, even where it was nothing but a narrow trail down the side of a small gorge and up again beyond. Then the poor animals struggled over vast inclines of lava dust, in which they sank to rest every few minutes. At last we reached a straggling collection of rocks.

VOICE OF THE PULPIT

"DEATH AND LIFE," FIRST SERMON

OF A SERIES ON IMMORTALITY,

By the Rev. George Hodges, D. D. Dean of Cambridge Theological School, Cambridge, Mass.

"It is appointed unto men once to die."
"Whosoever liveth and believeth in me

Here are two quite different thoughts about death. That great, universal and nevitable fact is here looked at from two points of view, from the two sides of the

grave. We must look at it from some point of view. We cannot help it. It forces itself upon our attention. We take up the daily paper, and there is a list of the dead. We walk abroad, and the mourners go about the streets. Year by year, as the seasons pass and the shadows gather, and one by one those whom we have loved go hence and are no more seen, the uncertainty of life and the sure approach of death impress themselves upon our minds.

The fact of death is being emphasized for somebody every day. But sometimes in the departure of some widely-familiar figure, in the putting of an asterisk beside some well-known name, in the silence of some voice to which many have been used to listen for help and inspiration, it is emphasized for a whole community. And sometimes when some great disaster comes, and sudden destruction falls upon a multitude, not only a community but a whole nation, even a whole world, is reminded that there is such a fact as death. Sometimes the air seems freighted with tragic rumors. On all hands are disastrous hap-

The newspapers come, like the servants of the compass. And we remember the predictions of the last catastrophe which will end the world-wars and rumors of wars, the pestilence, the famine, the carthquake, the sea and the waves roaring, and men's hearts falling them for fear. At such times we are compelled to think of death. We cannot keep the thought away.

We must consider death from some point of view. But it makes a wonderful difference sometimes from which point of view a fact is looked at. Few things are so round that when we have seen one side we have seen all sides; few facts are so simple that one look suffices to their understanding. More often it is the second look, from the second point of view, which gives the first its meaning. Often the second quite reverses the impression of the first We cannot be said to know much about any fact which we have looked at from only one

"It is appointed unto men once to die." That is one view of death. That is the great fact of death as we look at it from this side of the grave. The words express the inevitableness of death. Death is of all things of this world the most certain and the most uncertain. It is the most certain in the fact of its coming, and the most uncertain in the time of its coming. It is appointed unto men once to die; yes, but when? Why, "once," That is all we know about it. Did you never think, in the midst of a great crowd, how every member of that multitude must some day be the center of a company of awed watchers, waiting for the entering in of death? And do you not know that at every funeral the thought of everybody's heart as we sit in the still room is, "I must die; I must lie some day where now my friend lies and the life be gone out

The pleasure of the world, for which people are busy making plans, will all end. The work of the world, which leaves so little time to consider anything which is not bound by a counter or written in a cash book, which is the subject of so many excuses for the neglect of the duties of religion, will end. The pain of the world, thank God, which makes some people long for the coming of death, will end. There is no more pain, no more sorrow nor crying, for those who have loved God and served Him. That is all ended.

Opportunity ends then. He who has gone on saying, "To-morrow-to-morrow, I will be kinder and more loving and gentle: tomorrow I will speak the self-reproachful word which I ought to speak, and begin to make my home more happy; to-morrow I will repent and mend my life;" that soul comes upon a day which knows no morrow. Death, so far as we know, is the end of opportunity. Some think not, and we must all hope not, but, so far as God's dian of man's destiny is understood, death sets a last amen to opportunity. The nour strikes, the work ends, and whether well or ill done. the book is closed and handed up for God to see. Death seals the story of our life. We stand before the black wall; it is the end, so far as we can see. We ask of knowledge, "Is it the end?" And knowledge answers, "I know not."

Knowledge falls into silence, and love takes up the story. "It is true," says love, must be light, must be beauty, must be life and joy. It must be: it cannot be otherwise." Thus the "life everlasting" has been an article in all creeds, because love dwells

"The idea of immortality," Mr. Ingersoll has truly said, "that like a sea has ebb creed, nor of any religion. It was born of ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds

the lips of death." That is true: that is a part of the truth. And to this hope, thus born of love, men have added, and are still adding, a strong time and harvest have always preached to The strange phenomena of will and memory and love have made it next to impossible

Of late, since the theory of evolution has progress of the universe through long ages to perfection, reason has found new arguments for immortality. The destiny of man, nature, goes beyond the grave.

Century by century, millennium by millen-

"From the first dawning of life," writes Mr. John Fiske, the foremost teacher in things working toward one mighty goalqualities which characterize humanity."

Has this work, he asks, been done for nothing? Is it all ephemeral. Is it like the task of a child who builds houses out of blocks for the pleasure of knocking them



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